PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY
Berkeley, California

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

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AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

—*Katharine Lee Bates.*

THE GOLDEN DAYS

THERE are two days in the week upon which and about which I never worry, two care-free days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is Yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and aches, all its faults, its mistakes and blunders, has passed forever beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo an act that I wrought, I cannot unsay a word that I said, on Yesterday. All that it holds of my life, of wrong, regret and sorrow, is in the hands of the Mighty Love that can bring honey out of the rock and sweet waters out of the bitterest desert—the Love that can make the wrong things right, that can turn weeping into laughter, that can give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, joy of the morning for the woe of the night.

Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, that linger like the perfume of roses in the part of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with Yesterday. It was mine; it is God's.

And the other day I do not worry about is Tomorrow. Tomorrow, with all its possible adversities, its burdens, its perils, its large promise and poor performance, its failures and mistakes, is as far beyond the reach of my mastery as its dead sister, Yesterday. It is a day of God's. Its sun will rise on roseate splendor or behind a mask of weeping clouds. But it will rise. Until then, the same love and patience that hold Yesterday hold Tomorrow. Save for the star of hope that gleams forever on the brow of Tomorrow, shining with tender promise into the heart of Today, I have no possession in that unborn day of grace. All else is in the safe keeping of the Infinite Love that holds for me the treasure of Yesterday—the Love that is higher than the stars, wider than the skies, deeper than the seas. Tomorrow—it is God's day. It will be mine.

There is left for myself, then, but one day of the week—today. Any man can fight the battles of Today. Any woman can carry the burdens of just one day. Any man can resist the temptations of Today. Oh, friends, it is only when, to

the burdens and cares of Today, carefully measured out to us by the Infinite Wisdom and Might that gives with them the promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," we wilfully add the burdens of those two awful eternities—Yesterday and Tomorrow—such burdens as only the Mighty God can sustain—that we break down. It isn't the experience of Today that drives men mad. It is the remorse for something that happened Yesterday, the dread of what Tomorrow may disclose.

These are God's days. Leave them with Him.

Therefore, I think and I do, and I journey, but one day at a time. That is the easy day. That is the man's day. Nay, rather, that is our day—God's and mine. And while faithfully and dutifully I run my course, and work my appointed task on that day of ours, God the Almighty and All-loving takes care of Yesterday and Tomorrow.—*Robert J. Burdette, D.D.*

MOTHER DARNING STOCKINGS

MAYBE you can see with me mother darning stockings. She sits in the accustomed low rocker by the window where (as I have said so often before) "the willow tree brushes the window panes," and drips its melancholy raindrops in the days when the skies are low.

Darning stockings was a woman's resting work in the old days. They piled up in huge mounds in her work-basket and when the pantry was gleaming and the milk pans were all a-row, the fire was crackling bright and the afternoon was at peace, she sat down to darn stockings.

She rocked to and fro and hummed a tune; for she was really "resting" on this job. Knitting, darning—all comfort work. Even the yellow kitchen floor smiles reflectively as it sees mother quiet from her endless mornings of scrubbing, churning, butter-making, washing, hanging out clothes, getting the feed ready for the pigs. I have even seen her lay the darning-needle down, pause with the wooden "pear" that she inserted into the heel of the stocking to darn across and over criss-crosses, and for as long as five minutes actually do nothing. I have even seen her drop into a little nap and wake startled.

There were so many stockings to be darned—men-folks, children's, her own, the girls' and so on to the bottom of the pile. Little stockings and big. Some of them must have pieces set under the yawning holes and this caused much speculation and searching through the basket, for the exact size and quality of pieces. Some of them were hopeless—darned to death and to be set aside for refooting with her needles. And of evenings her knitting-needles flashed in the lamplight as she knit and talked, never looking at her work except to shift the needle at the end of the run and poke it mysteriously back and go on again knitting and talking and looking about, the needles flying automatically. This was not work. This was "knitting work."

Something spiritualizes this sort of thing as I look back upon it in the light of present days. Mother felt her responsibilities and her capacities and it is the living truth that the greatest happiness is in work and the greatest of all living joys is in accomplishment. I have often thought that a great deal of thought and love and hope and prayer went into darning stockings, with tears occasionally falling into the basket as mother dreamed her high hopes for the little lad who wore out the heels of his woolen stockings so rapidly.

Those frugal homes; those ambitious mothers and fathers; those struggling firesides with children around dreaming over their books and longing for the academy and the college! How we did desire things and chances that we could not have, and how today we despise so frequently the things that are forced upon us. They built the home—did those old ancestors—as a shelter, a shrine, a rallying place, a garden of the aspiration and the brooding place of new dreams. My epitome of it always is mother darning by the window—myself on the floor with my book, looking at her and unconsciously to her seeing her faith and her hope reimbodied in determination not to disappoint her if I could help it.—*Arthur G. Staples in the Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

A traveling-man, the story goes, one night found himself obliged to remain in a small town on account of a washout on the railroad. The rain was still coming down in torrents. The traveling-man turned to the waitress. "This certainly looks like the Flood." "The what?" "The Flood. You've read about the Flood, and the ark landing on Mount Ararat, surely." "My! mister, I ain't seen a paper for three days."

The Sunday-school teacher was talking to her pupils on patience. She explained her topic carefully, and as an aid to understanding she gave each pupil a card bearing the picture of a boy fishing. "Even pleasure," she said, "requires the exercise of patience. See the boy fishing; he must sit down and wait. He must be patient. And now can any little boy tell me what we need most when we go fishing?" The answer was quickly shouted with one voice: "Bait!"—*Selected.*

Among the number of notes received by a teacher in excuse for the absence of children was the following: "Dear Teacher,—Kindly excuse Minnie for having been absent yesterday, as she fell in the mud on her way to school. By doing the same you will oblige her mother."—*Canadian Teacher.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Granite 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Please read and follow the suggestions.

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

OFFERS

Mrs. Robert Walbridge, 68 Concord St., Peterborough, N. H., offers the following magazines which will be sent monthly or weekly as the case may be. The *American; Saturday Evening Post; Ladies' Home Journal; Pictorial Review; Needlecraft; People's Home Journal; New England Homestead; Outlook; Woman's Home Companion; Literary Digest; Good Housekeeping; People's Magazine; Film Fun; Geographic; Delineator;* and for the children, the *Wellspring.*

In addition, the 1922 series of the *American Boy,* and 1922–1923 of the *American.*

REQUESTS

1. I am a girl of fifteen living on a lonely farm in Virginia. I have two sisters, aged eleven and five, and one brother, aged eight. My mother and father are poor, and work very hard to give us an education, and I hope some day I may be able to help them. I love to read story books and papers, and I also take a delight in fancy work, but I do not have much time—only on Christmas holidays, for I am kept busy with my school work. I am asking the kind friends to please remember me through this winter with anything in literature, also scraps for quilts and bits of ribbon. I have read of your kindness in the *Cheerful Letter,* and I know you will help me and my brother and sisters. (Miss) Edna V. Johnson, Pedlar Mills, Amherst Co., Va.

2. I wish to thank the *Cheerful Letter* Society for all past favors, and would appreciate quilt scraps, and pieces (cotton or woolen) that can be used for rugs. (Mrs.) Ola Burgess, Ansonville, N. C.

3. I live in the country on a farm, and have three children—one girl and two boys; they all like to listen to reading. I would be glad if some of you good friends would send me some reading. We are poor people and are not able to buy reading. I would like a correspondent. Hope I have not asked for too much. (Mrs.) Crump Parker, Polkton, N. C., Route 3.

4. We are two little girls, aged eleven and twelve years, and we are in the fifth and sixth grades. Our mothers were great friends and they both died in 1914. Now we have stepmothers. Mary has five stepsisters and Elsie has one little half-sister. We would like very much to receive reading matter suitable for girls of our ages and each of us would like to have a correspondent. We refer you to Mrs. H. C. Martin, of this place. Mary Lantfond, aged twelve, Elsie McGee, aged eleven, Vinton, Va.

5. As the cold wintry days are on the way, I fear that I shall be very lonely, as I am a "shut in" during the cold weather and never leave the farm. Your *Cheerful Letter* workers have done so much for me in the past that I feel I owe you all a huge debt of gratitude that I can never repay, but I am coming to you again, asking for more reading. So many of the dear pen friends

who have been kind have passed on, that now I get very little reading, and I miss it so much. Will you please put in a request for me for current magazines of any kind? And I would like a few interesting books such as *Her Father's Daughter*, by G. S. Porter, or any of the late fiction. I would like to thank the friend who has sent the *Atlantic* magazine. While ill, her address was mislaid, and I fear she will think me very ungrateful. (Mrs.) Jessie Rossmiller, New York Mills, Minn., Route 3.

6. I am writing thanking the dear ones for the reading and scraps received the past year. I tried to write each one but some had the address blurred on the wrapper; I may have sent some wrong. Would be glad of scraps for quilts and any good reading for the winter, also books for little girls. The oldest would like crochet thread. Their ages are from nine to two years. I always pass my reading on to others, as this is an out of the way place and it is hard to get reading matter. (Mrs.) Marshall Watson, Copeland, Ark.

7. Mrs. B. G. Shaw, Gribble St., Gainsville, Texas, has four small children; for them she would like picture books and for herself, quilt scraps.

8. Mrs. Helen A. Jones, 32 Faxton St., Utica, N. Y., will be glad of a good book, which she will share with others in the Home. She enjoys the *Cheerful Letter*, finding it a comfort to a great many of the old ladies in the Home.

9. A dictionary is asked for and needed in his school work by J. L. Beard, Jr., Decatur, Tenn., Route 4.

10. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, 35 North St., Methuen, Mass., asks for the *Geographic* or the *Forester*.

11. Mrs. Rilla Wise, Ada, Okla., is more or less shut in, and asks for reading and quilt scraps.

12. Miss Essie Lanhorne, Naola, Va., a girl of sixteen, with a sister of thirteen and brother of eight, living in a remote place and motherless, gets very lonely and will be thankful for suitable reading.

13. Mrs. Bettia A. Short, Martinsville, Henry Co., Va., writes: "I am still wanting reading, and wish to be remembered."

14. Miss Martha Watson, Batson, Va., who says she is a country girl living in a lonely place, asks for reading, and would like to correspond with some one who wishes to hear about the Ozark Mountains.

15. Mrs. T. P. Rushing, Peachland, N. C., Route 1, has been a member of the Exchange twenty-five years. She feels she cannot express in words the pleasure it has given her in her hard struggle in life. She will be grateful for cheer of any kind. Her married daughter, Mrs. Fred L. Thomas, Marshville, N. C., Route 4, will be glad of a correspondent and reading. They do not have even a paper.

16. I wish some of the kind ladies would send me reading books or magazines; also I would like to correspond with one or two of the ladies or girls. I live in the country, am married, have one little girl, five months old. I am only twenty-one years old and live several hundred miles from my people, and I get very lonesome. (Mrs.) Frank E. Olds, Jr., Swatara, Minn.

17. Would some one please send me *Thaddeus of Warsaw*? I should be glad of any good reading. Would also appreciate reading for my children. I have four: ages seven, nine, eleven, and fourteen years. (Mrs.) W. B. Thompson, Unionville, Va.

18. I want to tell you about my son. He was injured in the spine during the war and he is in a hospital at San Antonio, perfectly helpless, his back in a plaster cast; and the surgeon says it will be a year before he can leave the hospital. Will you send him books, papers, magazines, or anything to help pass off the time? He is thirty years old, has a wife and baby. His address is Omer T. Venable, Station Hospital, Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas. *The Cheerful Letter* has been a friend to me for many years. Please help my son. (Mrs.) Lily Venable, Camden, Ark.

19. I come again asking for reading of any kind. My husband is in bad health and I have two children to care for. Anything to amuse them will be much appreciated. I have n't heard from any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends in a long time. (Mrs.) Alma Lester, Elamsville, Va.

20. Please send some reading matter—books or papers—to Jeanie Morgan at Rupert, Ark. I would like some pieces for quilts. I thank all who have sent me reading matter before to Copeland, Ark. May Morgan.

21. I am a woman sixty-five years old, and suffer very bad with rheumatism. I would appreciate scraps for patchwork and quilts, also reading matter of any kind. My grandson who was staying with me was drowned on the second day of August. His name was Lester Hall. I guess some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends remember sending him books and papers. I wish to

thank all of the friends for the cheer and books they sent us. (Mrs.) Bettie Hundley, Stuart, Va.

22. I will be glad to receive the gift of quilt scraps and bits of embroidery thread to work the children's dresses. Also playthings and story books, or anything suitable for the children will be appreciated. We are poor people and have to hunt to live. We are on a farm. Their names and ages are as follows: Willie, age sixteen; Edna, eight; Ruby, six; Gunion, three; David Lee, eight months. (Mrs.) Walter Johnson, Brandon, N. C. Reference: Rev. F. L. Stuergills, Steurgill, N. C.

23. I want to thank the friends for the good reading sent for my aged father-in-law. I tried to write each one, but some gave no address, so I'll thank them through this letter. I will be very grateful for some gingham quilt scraps, also the *Needlecraft* for 1924, if I'm not asking too much. (Mrs.) M. S. Jefferson, Martinsville, Va., Route 3.

24. I wish to thank those who have sent me things. Someone sent me a nice bunch of pieces, but I was unable to distinguish the address on account of it being badly worn. I have made many little gifts from them and others. Any good books by Zane Grey, B. M. Bower, Harold Bell Wright, or Western story magazines would be much appreciated for a boy of seventeen, who is very sad and lonesome. All books sent to me are read and gladly passed on. (Miss) Fay Teeples, Bridger, Montana.

25. Mrs. G. M. Shepherd, Apple Grove, N. C., will be glad to receive light stories.

26. Mae Stuart, a fifteen-year-old girl, living at Jefferson, N. C., keeping house for her grandpa and uncle, will be glad of magazines and quilt pieces.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS

THE HOME STUDY COMMITTEE hope to reach as many as possible, who for any reason are shut away from the ordinary means of receiving an education. It may be because of distance from school, ill health, or numerous other causes that one has not been able to receive the education desired. If so we stand ready to help. It is not only in the studies—such as Arithmetic and English—which we all need in order to transact the ordinary business of life, that the Committee desire to help; but also in those which tend to make life happier and brighter. Some very simple courses on Art, Literature, and Science are being prepared. These will all be illustrated. Also a course on Current Events will be conducted if an interest is shown.

Young mothers may like to receive each month clippings and papers on the care and training of children; or they may wish to take up a course of reading with their children. Whatever the problem is, we will try to help to solve it.

Apply to Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Massachusetts.

IF

IF I had but the nerve to believe!
Just simply believe
That one could achieve
The things under the sun
That Jesus wants done—
If I had but the nerve to believe!

If I had but the nerve just to try!
Bravely venture and try
What the power from on high
Could do with just me
From my poor self set free—
If I had but the nerve just to try!
—*F. W. Neve, in "The Living Church."*

ONE MAN AGAINST THE KING

IT was a long time ago. The man was a sort of traveling teacher and preacher in a country over in Asia, near the eastern end of the great Mediterranean Sea. The King and Queen of that country were a bad sort, not only selfish and grasping, with no sense of other people's rights, but also mean and low-down in the way they behaved—though nobody dared say so in public. In one of the country districts of King Ahab's realm this man burned with the desire to make people see what things in life were cheap and dirty; what things were true and splendid and worth living for. He found plenty of work to do wherever he went; but a visit to the royal city of Samaria disgusted him completely.

It was a fine city in its way. Elijah had never seen anything so fine as its paved streets, its marble palaces and temples. But the whole spirit of the place was vulgar, with no thought of anything but food and drink and bodily pleasures and "showing off." Queen Jezebel was, if anything, even worse than the King. She was a rich heathen girl from one of the seacoast cities, and there was no satisfying her craze for splendid show. Every farmer, every shepherd, every trader and shopkeeper, every industrious woman who kept busy at home with spinning and weaving, had to pay heavy taxes for the King and Queen to spend; and the worst of it was that a large amount was wasted in supporting a crowd of lazy, good-for-nothing fellows who called themselves "priests of Baal." They professed

to have all sorts of marvelous influence with some sort of gods or spirits that controlled the rain and the sunshine. It was "Baal," so they said, that made the farm animals increase, sending the new woolly lambs and the shaggy baby donkeys, and the funny little long-legged camels. It was Baal that made the grapevines and the olive trees hang heavy with fruit, and the barley stalks to hold up full ears of grain. And they, the priests, who alone had influence with Baal, must be treated generously.

The worst of the whole bad business was that Elijah's own countrymen were becoming so used to such talk that they more than half believed it, and were likely enough to make a trade with a Baal priest, themselves, when they wanted good luck in their own affairs.

Something certainly had to be done to bring the King and the people to their senses; and Elijah was the man to do it. He thought, and studied, and prayed, and then—so the old story seems to declare—he asked God to hold back all the rain for a long time, so as to prove that the Baal priests were of no use. The rain did hold off one whole long season; another whole long season; and the land began its third year of drought. The farmers had paid the Baal priests all sorts of good money to get rain—but no rain fell. They were worried nearly to death. The King was not only puzzled, but very angry, for he remembered that Elijah had warned him that something of the kind would come to pass.

Elijah thought it was time to bring the lesson to a point, and he went out to meet the King on the great highway. The King looked at him threateningly. "So you are the one responsible for all this trouble," stormed angry Ahab.

"Not I," said Elijah, as calmly as if he had been a king, himself, "but thou and thy house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord and followed Baal."

It was a wonder that Ahab did not order his head cut off at once; it was by no means the custom in that Eastern land to answer back when rebuked by a king. But someway Ahab was impressed, in spite of himself. They talked further—the haughty ruler in his splendid robe and cloak and glittering bracelets, riding in a splendid chariot, and the gaunt, homely preacher in the plainest of country clothing.

"It is God alone that rules," so Elijah declared. "Do you doubt it in your heart, O King? Can you possibly still imagine those foolish fellows who call themselves priests of Baal know any real Power that can listen and answer? Nay, I tell you that is all a lie. And to deal with them is to insult the true God whom you know—or ought to know. Give me only a fair chance, and I will prove to you whose is the real power above us and around us."

So it was planned that Elijah should have his chance. Notice was sent out all through the country about Samaria, calling the people to a great open-air meeting on a mountainside—one of the slopes of Mount Carmel. (If sometime you should yourself journey to Palestine, the guides will show you the very place where the meeting is supposed to have been held.)

Elijah told the crowd of people, in a few words, that they had been called there to make up their minds for themselves whether to serve God or the Baal of whom they had heard so much. "How long halt ye between two opinions?" he demanded. "If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." And the people waited, wondering what was coming.

Then Elijah proposed this plan: Let the priests of Baal—there were four hundred and fifty of them there against his one—build an altar for the sacrifice of a bullock, and depend on Baal to send fire to burn the sacrifice. He, Elijah, would do the same, depending upon God. And the people still waited, wondering.

When the Baal altar was ready, the dealers in magic were obliged to seem confident; they called the name of the spirit that was supposed to be so wonderful: "O Baal, hear us! O Baal, hear us!"

Everybody listened—waited. Nothing happened.

Again the chants were repeated. "O Baal, hear us! O Baal, hear us!"

Elijah mocked them. "Cry aloud," he urged. "Is n't he a god? Have n't you always declared his power? Of course he can do a thing like this—oh, of course. Call to him again. He's just busy talking, or he is on a journey somewhere, or maybe he 's just having a nap. Try again—maybe if you shout long enough and loud enough you can wake him up!"

All day long the people waited, and the false priests tried in vain to prove that there was a Baal to answer. No answer came.

Then Elijah said to the people, "Come near to me." And they went near to an old altar that he had built up and made ready. Then, with his whole heart, Elijah begged that God the Lord would give the foolish people an unmistakable sign that He was real, that He was near, and that He cared. "Hear me, O Lord, hear me," he cried, "that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again, to thee."

Wonder of wonders! The fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the sacrifice and the wood and the dust. And when the people saw it, they fell on their faces; and they said, "The Lord, He is the God!"

When it was all over, Elijah and his servant went up to the top of the mountain, where they could look off a long way over the land on one side and the wide blue sea on the other side.

The sky was without a cloud, just as it had been for so many long dry months. No sign of rain. Another long look; still no sign of rain. Another look, and yet another. At last, up out of the sea there seemed to rise the merest wisp of cloud, the size of a man's hand. And then, little by little, the heavens grew black with clouds and wind, and there came a great rain. The God who rules the rain and the sunshine had sent it. The long and terrible drought was over.

This is only one of many stories of Elijah that were written down hundreds of years ago in the Hebrew language, and afterwards translated into our own English words. You can read them for yourself in what our Bible calls the First Book of the Kings—its eighteenth chapter.

In the second chapter of the Second Book of the Kings there is a very strange and beautiful story of the last time—no, almost the last time—that any mortal eyes ever saw Elijah. If you read it, you will understand why many old-fashioned Hebrew people, this very year, when they keep the feast of the Passover, will prepare a place at their table for Elijah, hoping that the splendid old hero (who never really died) may come to be their honored guest.

Lincoln, says the San Francisco *Argonaut*, loved jokes on himself, and one day a Congressman called at the White House and found the President had a cold, and he expressed his sympathy. "Well," said Lincoln, as he looked down at his feet, which were uncommonly large, "I expect colds. There's so much of me on the ground, you know."

A story is current concerning a professor who is reputed to be slightly absent-minded. The learned man had arranged to escort his wife one evening to the theatre. "I don't like the tie that you have on. I wish you would go up and put on another," said his wife. The professor tranquilly obeyed. Moment after moment elapsed, until finally the impatient wife went upstairs to learn the cause of delay. In his room she found her husband undressed and getting into bed. Habit had been too much for him when he took off his tie.—*London Tit-bits.*

Then do not squander time; for that's the stuff Life is made of.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

Everlasting arms of Love
Are beneath, around, above;
God it is who bears us on,
His the arm we lean upon:
He, our ever-present Guide,
Faithful is, whate'er betide;
Gladly, then, we journey on,
With his arm to lean upon.

AMUSEMENT CORNER

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Corner to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Massachusetts.]

I

CONCEALED CAPITALS

Find a state capital concealed in each sentence.

1. The ship had a cargo of pork, bacon, cordage, etc. 2. The orator promised to speak at De Kalb, anyway. 3. The bad boys climbed over the orchard fence. 4. For his funeral eight carriages were needed. 5. He said they were happier recently than they had been formerly. 6. You will admit at least, pa, ulsters are very comfortable. 7. We thought rent on Main street too dear for us. 8. The Britisher's ale made me very bilious. 9. The peddler had in his satchel enamelled jewelry for sale. 10. Adam and Eve lived in Eden very comfortably until the apple episode. 11. On the Christmas tree was a Santa Claus, tinsel, and many other things. 12. The Scotch clans in green and red tartans made a fine showing.—*American Boy.*

II

HOMOPHONOUS BLANKS

Fill the blanks with words pronounced alike but differing in spelling and meaning.

1. My sister —— took the —— line railroad when she left —— ste. Marie for —— City, Iowa. 2. The —— woman said she could —— the task before supper. 3. When one —— into the awarding of a —— he classes himself among the Paul ——. 4. The hypocrite —— for public —— and quietly —— upon the poor. 5. With a feeling of —— the strong man —— open the heavy chest. 6. He cast the —— bush into the river and the —— carried it down stream. 7. We discussed the —— and cons of the merits of early English ——. 8. The professor required us to do —— for having torn down the college ——. —*American Boy.*

III

ENIGMA

I am composed of 19 letters, and am a hymn which is a favorite with all Americans.

My 17, 7, 2, 10, is won by heroes in peace and war.

My 6, 4, 5, 2, 12, is a violation of law.

My 17, 19, 18, 8, 3, is a musical instrument.

My 1, 15, 15, 16, 6, is at the top of a house.

My 6, 14, 11, is a young bear.

My 9, 13, 15, is worn on the head.—*The Beacon.*

Answers to puzzles in the November number

I. THANKSGIVING FOUNDERS:—1 to 36: Our Pilgrim Fathers founded Thanksgiving. Key words: Kindergartens, plum duff, giving, trash, Ohio.

II. CROSS WORD ENIGMA: Constantinople.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.,* also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.,* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music* and *letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 35 East 30th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th St., New York City.

There is more and more interest in "community" or neighborhood singing.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and thirty-six libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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